

Demon

M Row

He was a demon in human form
If he wanted you out of there, he'll go do it himself, on feet,
by himself (Jelly onnat)
There was something wrong with him, that's not human, man, you
not regular, man
Nigga was the devil, man

De-demon, I'm packing a devil, 6-6 feet under, I'mma send him t
o Satan
Bullets hotter than fire, dropbox, skkrt with the tire, each bu
llet that hit him was flaming
I ain't jacking no Brooms, anyone feeling a way, we the janitor
's crew for the maintenance
I'm yelling out "move", dump, if the cops get up with me, not d
oing explaining or naming
Turn up the tint, I-
I made the block hot numerous times like a thousand degrees
I don't know what it is, addicted to spinning on niggas, I thin
k that I got a disease
Like, uh, get off your knees, you stay on my dick and you don't
go no scenes
Nigga will buy him a car but won't buy him a G, but get shot ca
use he don't wanna freeze
If-if that was me, I-
I rather move in the cold with my hoodie and toting my heater
I-I'm not trying to go like a victim and be in that room laying
down trying to get a procedure
Bullet shells, dropping like Easter, oh-
oh my god, that boy is a bleeder
Swer-swerve on a highway like I'm a speeder (Fraow, fraow, boom
) , playing my tune when we turn up the speaker

Uh, not jacking static with none of these goofy ass niggas, no-
nobody never do nothing
We caught a rapper and almost shoot hole in his head, he went o
n the Gram on some tough shit
Sen-sent three back on that hot shit, nothing gon' stop him, I'
mma turn nothing to something
304s really be toxic, bitches be bopping, not with the kissing
and hugging
Get-get a pound, get it off in a day and go back to the plug an
d tell him I need more of that
Uh, you-you want Prada, I got it, give Tmac 350 and then he gon
' order that
Uh, we hit a lick for some shit and we bump all the candy becau
se we need all the cash
Uh, for-for all of the trips I be pourin' that, opp thot, throw
ing her shit like a quarterback

It get spooky when we in attendance, if the opps in the party,
we end it
SIG Sauers, .40s extended, shots fly I feel any type of tension
I'm only here for the money, I don't want no honeys and no, I d
o not want no friendships
I move around with my savages, call us the Mavericks, we ballin
g hard for them pensions
Uh, I fuck with Rowski, anytime he need me, I'm sliding cause e
verything genuine
But-but don't get it twisted, I be on my Trooper shit heavy, pu
sh up, it's
Three-three lines of the Tris, it's medicine, these niggas femi
nine, they taking estrogen
Can-Can't name a nigga I'm not better than, you could get shot,
it don't matter what set you in